

JANUARY, 1900.

# The Olympian



PUBLISHED BY THE  
Students of Biddeford High School,  
BIDDEFORD, MAINE.



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Biddeford.**



# The Olympian

VOL. I.

BIDDEFORD HIGH SCHOOL, BIDDEFORD, MAINE, JANUARY, 1900.

NO. 2.

## The Olympian.

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All persons having matter to be published in the Olympian will please send same to "THE OLYMPIAN, P. O. Box 573." All matter must be in by the 12th of the month.

Alumni are especially requested to assist both in articles and subscriptions.

## Editorials.

We present the second number of our paper feeling that the patronage accorded us in our first issue warrants this second publication. The success which has followed our endeavors to represent the High School in journalism gives us courage to continue our paper. That we have been successful in our first issue is due largely to the ready response of our appeal to the students, teachers, and alumni. This response must not be spasmodic, but permanent and continuous. We wish the students to understand that they have the liberty to contribute articles for the paper as well as members of the "staff." We shall look for more contributions from students, and alumni as well, in future issues.

The management have made a few alterations with this issue which we hope will meet with approbation, and present to the public a more attractive and becoming attire.

\* \* \*

THE OLYMPIAN has made its first appearance and the managers desire to thank the students of the High School and the public for the kind reception they have given it. We would also thank the professional and business men of Biddeford for their kindness in patronizing this, a new publication. We hope all will continue this goodwill towards us in our undertaking.



ing and that those who have not already patronized us will do so in the near future.

\* \* \*

Christmas cheer is followed by the good wishes of New Year. Now, at the beginning of this the last year of the century, is the time when each one of us should stop for awhile to think in what way we may try to make this year a "land-mark" in our life's history, and how we may make this a memorable year in the history of the B. H. S. May we each and all strive to make the most of the advantages which our parents and the citizens of Biddeford have provided for us. Let us show them that their efforts have not been in vain!

#### THE MISFORTUNES OF REUBEN.



REUBEN left his paternal roof one fine morning in the spring to search for a wife, for he did not consider any of the maidens in the country around his equal, and he being lonely, thought he needed a helpmate.

Taking his horse and old fashioned chaise Reuben started for the city thirty miles away, arriving there in safety just after dark, rather wearied after his long ride.

He went to a boarding-house, where some one had told him that he could get board for himself and horse very cheap.

After eating his supper Reuben retired; he slept soundly until about one o'clock when he was awakened by a strange noise, all the ghost stories that his grandmother had told him when a boy came to his mind; he buried his head in the bed

clothes, but still seemed to hear the weird moan. He could endure it no longer and jumping from the bed rushed down stairs, knocking over chairs and everything in his way. The landlord awakened by the noise ran out with the light, and after calming the frightened man, both went up with the light to investigate; as the sound came from the direction of the closet the landlord cautiously opened the door, finding there a cat locked in just expiring.

The next morning Reuben started out to see the city, and saw on the Boulevard many very stylish young ladies, but they were too much dressed to suit his taste.

On his way back to the boarding-house Reuben lost his way. Seeing a man coming who looked friendly he stopped him and inquired the way there. The man said he had never heard of the place, but knew where they could find out about it. While walking along together Reuben told him he was searching for a wife; the man laughed and told him that he would introduce some of his lady friends. By this time they had reached the place which seemed to Reuben very pleasant. As they entered quite a number were playing cards. The gentleman, Mr. Dexter, left Reuben watching the card players for a few minutes and went to talk with somebody on the other side of the room.

When he returned he found Reuben very much interested and asking him if he would like to play, Reuben replied that he didn't know how. Dexter offered to teach him, so they sat down at a table. The stakes were small at first but soon grew larger, and Reuben, not understanding the tricks, lost every time; soon his



pocket book was empty, but he had quite a little sum which was sewed into the lining of his coat for fear of robbers, of which he said nothing.

Reuben by that time was hungry and said it was time for them to go; then Dexter asked him to go to lunch with him and afterwards he would give him the promised introduction.

At the hotel where they went Dexter seemed to know everybody, and introduced Reuben to a number of ladies.

Reuben was particularly charmed with one of them. She had light hair and a very marvelous complexion. They talked together nearly all the afternoon.

Dexter invited him to stay to dinner and he accepted, wishing to stay near this charming maid. That evening they were alone and Reuben offered her his heart and she accepted it.

Reuben began to stroke her hair, and in doing so caught his ring in one of her golden tresses and trying to disengage it pulled her hair off. In his fright he ran from the room carrying her wig, for such it was, attached to his ring; loosened by his start it fell.

Reuben found the outer door at last and rushed out into the night, and after wandering through the streets hatless for some time he met a policeman, who attempted to arrest him, but after some argument Reuben made him understand that he was lost, and the policeman showed him the way back to the boarding-house.

The next morning Reuben started for home a wiser man.

B. D.

#### SUGGESTIONS for LABORATORY WORK.

Take heed from the last explosion and remember what a "closed tube" is.

Be sure to cork your test tube tightly before shaking nitric acid; otherwise you may be apt to say with Macbeth, "out damned spot."

Remember that charcoal, matches, and the like, will not dissolve in the sink.

Provide yourself with a looking glass when performing a blowpipe experiment.

Always "think ahead of your hands" or you may come in contact with the flame of your burner.

Bear in mind that hydrogen sulphide solution isn't odorless.

Be not "matchless" and avoid bothering your neighbor.

Follow Shaw's example and keep the gas burning to boom the York Light and Heat Co's. stocks.

R. R.

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#### A BIG (?) CATCH.

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Fishing on Sundays was, of course against my principles, that is, when the folks were at home. As luck would have it, they set out, one bright Sunday morning, for church and were to take dinner at the pastor's and spend the afternoon there. I had invited a friend to come and keep me company as I was sure to be lonely.

My friend was one of the wild sort, (I charge him with the whole affair) and he begged me to take the horse and go into the country fishing. Without much urging I consented and soon we had everything (as we supposed) ready, but in fact



we returned to the house several times after forgotten bait and other essentials.

By the time we were really underway the sky had become decidedly clouded and rain fell in torrents. Nothing daunted, we covered ourselves as well as possible with the robe and urging the horse to a gallop, rattled away over the muddy road.

On my asking my companion what kind of fish he expected to catch, he replied, "Pickerel, the pond's full of 'em." I believed him, (unaccountable fact) but when we reached our destination, was much surprised to find instead of the pond which he had so graphically described, a muddy, swampy, slimy pool of water, which would hardly seem a fit abode, even for fish.

On the bank of the "pickerel pond" was a boat, good to look upon and we supposed as good to sail or row in. As it was very apparent that catching fish in this pond was an impossibility we decided to take the boat down to the water and float around. Again we were destined to disappointment. The boat leaked. Leaked, did I say? Nay, more, the water actually poured in from every conceivable direction. I had got into the boat alone and my friend was much alarmed to see me, an inexperienced sailor, alone in a sinking vessel. In fact, he was so terrified that he was able to do nothing but stand on the bank and laugh! "Yes, I would laugh" I shouted, "it is decidedly funny." At this he shouted, "Well you're most up to your waist, guess I might as well help you out." He suited the action to the word and I was soon on dry land. I had been wet before, but now I was literally soaked.

I should say it was about time to be going home, I said bitterly, "I admire your idea of a good fish-pond." "Well, anyway, somebody, said he heard there were pickerel here," he answered rather sheepishly.

The horse, dripping wet, evidently did not enjoy the way we hurried her home, but I knew I must get there before the folks returned. We arrived at about six. (Before the "folks," by the way.)

My friend, for some unknown reason, never alludes to the day we went fishing, but I think our bad luck must have been only due punishment for going on Sunday.

M. F. M.

### AN INCIDENT.

She was of the genus Sub-Junior,  
(A much abused class,  
More sinned against, than sinning)  
A fun-loving little lass.

The class was reciting in Algebra,  
When suddenly, above the din  
Of minus and plus, and this and thus,  
Another sound crept in.

'Twas the sound of a tiny scratching,  
As when a little mouse  
Grown hungry with too long fasting,  
Seeks entrance to the house.

Full soon the teacher heard it;  
And quickly facing round,  
Questioned the pupils sternly,  
For the meaning of the sound.

"A mouse! a mouse! 'tis near my seat!"  
Our little maiden cried;  
The teacher, thoughts on murder bent,  
To find it, vainly tried.

He searched about in every nook,  
He crept upon the floor;  
His anger rose—the noise increased—  
The class was in a roar.

He quickly called to order,  
The fruitless search gave o'er;  
And in that hall of learning,  
The sound was heard no more.

Our naughty little maiden,  
With arms so meekly folded,  
Was simply scratching on her dress  
Of serge, so neatly molded.

E. C. G.



## *Crumbs Swept Up.*

Miss Kingston, 1901, has left school.

We are all sorry to hear of the serious illness of Miss Nason, 1901.

In rhetorical—"Texas Centennial Oration." "Well what is it anyway."

Miss Donaldson's mind must have been on coasting when, in Virgil, she told about the "stars sliding."

Some one will get a Whalen if they (translate) say "I am yours dearest" to a certain French scholar.

Banks' version of Satan finding the earth: "He came to a vacuum and then fell a great way until he struck earth."

Poor little Robbin out in the snow,  
Say, aren't you glad you'r not a sparrow?  
For sweet Jennie Carroll with her dear bow and arrow  
Would surely kill (Don't you know?)

Miss McD. (in Virgil). "Praecipites metus acer agit." Sharp fear pursues us headlong.

When Morin is trying to look into Miss Burbank's room, some one ought to remind him of the eleventh commandment.

Miss Tarbox, 1901, is rejoicing that she is not baldheaded, as one day recently she met with quite a serious accident in the laboratory.

Miss Stimpson has finished her study of Ornithology and has commenced upon Zoology, making a specialty of a species of the deer.

Please give us a few "Crumbs."

Wanted.—An extra looking-glass in the Sub-Junior dressing room.

Is it on account of size that the Sub-Junior boys sit in the front row?

"The right thing in the right place"—a box of Smith Bros'. cough drops.

Isn't it about time for some of the freshness to wear off of the Sub-Juniors?

The class of 1903 were glad to welcome a new member, Miss Burnham, to their class.

Wouldn't it seem good on these rainy mornings to hear the whistle blow for no school.

Teacher in Physics.—"Do you know what you are talking about, McDermott?" McD.—"No, sir, I don't!"

The members of the Chemistry division of the class of 1901 begin to show traces of their trade on their hands. And it takes more than H. 2 O. to efface the stains.

Some of the young ladies of the class of 1903 are not satisfied with the seats in the East room and so take those in the West room, and others we fear are catching the disease of dissatisfaction.

The H. S. S. C., a club composed of seven B. H. S. boys, gave an assembly in Wheelmen's Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 19, chaperoned by Mrs. Piper. B. H. S. and T. A. pupils turned out in force and spent a most enjoyable evening with cards and dancing. This is the first assembly given by the club and since this was such a grand success it is hoped that another will soon follow.



### THE RIVALS.

There is a maid in our school  
Who acts just like a fairy;  
But when a boy appears around  
O, then she's nice and airy.

She'd like to be a blonde you see  
But should be a little fairer  
And allow another maid to be  
Of that boy's love, a sharer.

This other maid's a sweet brunette,  
And then she's quite a skater,  
So that boy thinks she's very nice  
And the blonde becomes a hater.

These rival maids you'd like to know  
But I think you are acquainted.  
Perhaps I will conceal their names  
For fear of being tainted.

Let contention cease between these maids  
That friends forever they may be,  
And hope that one may gain the cause  
Which one, to know, we'll wait and see. L. C.

### THE TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF TWO YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS.

(A TRUE STORY).

The trials of a young photographer are by no means few and as for the troubles—well they are many as a general rule. At least two young ladies who have been learning this art have found it to be true. As they do not wish their names made public we will call them Lily Grey and Margaret White. Well, one bright winter's day Lily and Margaret, with their cameras lovingly clasped under their arms, started out to take their first picture.

Lily had had a few lessons upon this subject but it was Margaret's first attempt. But she felt quite confident of success for hadn't she been told that all she need do would be to turn such a spring and then press another spring and she would have a picture?—Certainly she had and she

“guessed she could do that all right; who couldn't press a spring or two on a camera?” They wisely thought they would not try to “snap” a person the first time so decided upon a pretty bit of scenery not far from their homes. So arriving there, the tripods were placed in position and the cameras fastened on. Lily thought she would try first so Margaret looked on taking in all the hints that she might make her picture a success. When everything was in readiness, or supposed to be, Margaret coolly exclaimed: “Where's your focus cloth, Lily?” “Why, sure enough I haven't one; I forgot that it was necessary to use such a thing.” This article was finally obtained and she stuck her head under it to see if she had a good view.

She remained in this position some little time and then in a bewildered tone of voice said: “Why Margaret, I don't see a thing; what do you suppose ails the thing? Just look under this cloth and see if you can see anything.” Margaret looked but with no better results. What could be the matter for Lily was sure she had turned the right springs and also pressed the right ones. “Well,” she said, “I will keep turning and pressing until I strike the right one.” And she did. First she would turn something or press something else and then dart under the cloth. At last the joyful cry of “I've got it now” told the waiting Margaret that at last the right thing had been done. Lily had just remembered to open the shutter.

With little or no trouble the plates were adjusted and the picture taken. When Margaret's turn came she was not quite



sure which things she ought to press but did what she thought was right and let it go at that. They then looked around for another view but just then along came two dear little boys armed with air rifles and, as they seemed to consider it necessary to use the girls as targets, Lily and Margaret thought it about time to depart which they accordingly did followed by a volley of shots from the enemy. They agreed that photography was quite an exciting sport and that they would try again the next day.

Accordingly, bright and early in the afternoon they made their appearance. They decided that they had had enough experience so that they might take a person this time. A small child was walking along with her doll and walking up to her Margaret calmly inquired if she would like to have her picture taken. She smilingly answered "yes," so was placed in position against a fence with a large tree back of it, as this was considered a good background. Lily tried first; while she was getting ready, Margaret was posing the child whose name was Alice. When all was ready Margaret exclaimed: "Now smile, Alice; look real pretty; there, that's it, don't move for pity's sake for that expression is lovely; snap her quick, Lily!" and various other appropriate exclamations. Oh! I can tell you it was very exciting. Well, the next thing was to have the plates developed, printed, etc., and so on. When finished the pictures were—well quite good. Only Margaret's seemed to have a white cloud effect extending from each side over one third the paper. The picture was declared to be

"fogged" by one who had had some experience in the art.

You must not think from my story that the girls never got a good picture. For they did. Oh, yes! Out of about eight pictures that Margaret took she did not waste more than six plates and Lily perhaps not quite so many. But then we all have to learn from experience so the girls are not at all discouraged (except when they think of the cost of plates) and hope soon to be experts in the art of photography.

E. D.

#### — CHESTNUTS ABOUT THE CAMPUS. —

A cold November rain had been falling all day, bearing to the ground the last brown leaves of fall—all that remained to tell of red and gold foliage which but a few weeks before decked the long rows of maple trees that lined the avenue leading to the campus. It was one of those days especially dreaded by homesick Freshmen for at such times it would seem that nature exerted all her influence to increase the desire for one glance of home.

In the early part of the evening Grace Horton had reluctantly donned her mackintosh and gone to the library to finish some reference works, leaving her roommate alone to ponder over a difficult passage in Faust. For a while Hope Barr sat before the study table busily engaged in trying to weave the words into a complete whole but after many efforts at such the translation seemed to her to be nothing but a meaningless jumble of words. At last she shut her book with a bang, threw it across the table and burst into a flood of



tears. Oh, in what torrents they fell! Now had Hope been a Freshman we might have contributed to her a lack of perseverance mixed with an equal amount of homesickness, but she was a Junior and a conscientious student and could she be guilty of such base demeanor?

Sob after sob rose to break the almost unbearable stillness of the room. For a long time she sat with her head sunk upon her arm unheeding of the fact that even in her misery she made a charming picture. The soft glow from the lamps threw a subdued light over the whole. It was one of those scenes that inspires respect for the miserable. There was a sanctity about it which would have held anyone from wilfully breaking in upon the solitude.

Thus she sat giving vent to her feelings and so wrapped were her thoughts upon her loneliness that she did not hear the bounding steps upon the stairs nor the quick raps at the door. Receiving no response and hearing no one within, the door was hurriedly opened and Godfrey Mansfield burst into the room. At once his gaze took in the surroundings.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Barr, but I thought you was away and would want your mail when—what, Miss Barr—Hope, are you crying?"

Almost unconsciously he had crossed the room to her side and placed his hand on her head. "Where is Miss Horton? Won't you tell me what the matter is? Come, now, like a good girl."

Slower and slower fell the tears, and at last they ceased. Gently he stroked her wavy tresses and after a long silence he

tenderly drew back her tear stained face and searching it he again asked:

"Won't you tell me what the matter is Hope?"

Still the answer would not come, only two great salt tears stole from under the drooping lashes. There was a world of sympathy in Godfrey's deep blue eyes and expressive face, and in a few minutes his jovial manner found response in Hope Barr who was naturally a very lively and entertaining girl and one who would have scorned being seen in tears.

"Why, Miss Barr, your fire is almost out and it is frightfully cold here. If I fix it, may I stay and study till Miss Horton comes?"

"Of course, you can, you foolish boy, that is if you won't tell Grace why you stayed, and if you won't study. I am tired of work for to-day, and you Senior Medics never hurt yourselves studying. Oh! here are some chestnuts—all I have to treat on to-night. Let's roast them when the fire starts a little."

"I tell you you are fortunate to get so many letters on such a beastly night as this. I hate such days as these. They make one feel so out of sorts with mankind in general and just when I want a letter from home it never comes."

"Oh, you poor fellow! Didn't you get a letter from any one else?"

"No, I didn't even get a letter from Ethel, even she has gone back on me."

"Who's Ethel?"

"My little sister, who says I can't make fires."

"Did you ever put two chestnuts together and name them and see which way



they pop? If they jump towards each other then it is a sure sign of marriage."

"What if they don't?"

"Oh, then it's a sure sign of no go."

"I am going to name these for Grace and Mr. Sherwood; hope they turn out all right. Oh, pshaw! they didn't go the right way."

"Doesn't it ever fail?"

"No, never!"

"Well, I am going to name these, and just for fun this one is to be me."

"Who's the other?"

"A friend of mine."

"Oh, yours popped towards each other. Let me congratulate you, Mr. Mansfield. What is her name?"

"No fooling, Hope, now. Do these always come true?"

"Yes, I never knew it to fail."

"Do you mean that it shall fail now, for it rests with you."

She dropped her nuts and for a long time sat silent, her gaze riveted on the glowing fire of the grate.

"Hope, don't let it fail now."

"No, Godfrey, it never fails."

A few minutes later Grace came in with Mr. Sherwood and found the two still seated before the fire. They joined the two and in a short time Mr. Sherwood was following the examples set by roasting the nuts by twos.

"Does it ever come true?" questioned Grace.

"Yes, always," said Godfrey. "Ask Hope."

"I never knew it to fail," came the sweet response.

## *Athletics.*

At a meeting of the B. H. S. Athletic Association, held on Thursday, Jan. 4, Thomas Sullivan, 1902, was elected captain of next season's football team. William Shaw, 1901, was chosen manager. Capt. Sullivan will have some good material next fall, and we hope to see him bring out a winning team.

At the same meeting, James Donovan, 1901, was elected captain of the baseball team. With the exception of two players, Dean and Traynor, all of last year's nine are back in school.

The polo players of the High School have thus far been unable to make any satisfactory agreement with the polo management in this city, although they are anxious to meet Thornton in National Hall this season.

Some effort has been made to form a basket ball team in the school, but, as little interest is taken in the game, it is probable that the movement will not succeed.

## *Exchanges.*

THE HELIOS, Grand Rapids, Mich., has a very pretty and artistic cover.

THE ADVANCE, Salem, Mass., is an interesting paper.

THE TRIPOD, Roxbury, Mass., has a very appropriate cover, and the paper is well gotten up.

Some useful advice appears in the December number of the PORCUPINE, Santa Rosa, Cal.

An interesting story would add greatly to the KENT'S HILL BREEZE.



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